

JOINED BY DOG IN OCEAN GRAVE.

Collie Leaps Overboard After Little Playmate's Body at Sea

A pathetic incident of dog devotion

was relayed by officers of the steamship Columbia, just in from Glasgow. Among the passengers were Mrs. MacDonald and his wife, who left Glasgow accompanied by their four-year-old daughter Mary. The child was ill, and an ocean voyage had been recommended by her physician. Before sailing Mary insisted that her pet cat, a calico named Sam, be taken along with her.

On Tuesday the child died, and on early Wednesday morning she died. The ship's stewards say that the dogs seemed to know that something was wrong with their little mistress, for they howled dismally after her death, and tugged at the chains holding them in their quarters below deck.

Shortly after daybreak it was decided to bury the child's body. The tiny corpse was brought on deck, and while a few passengers and ship's officers stood by, bereaved it was shoved over the rail. Because of the child's love for Daisy and Ben, the pets were brought on deck while the burial service was read. As the small burden was dropped from the rail, Daisy broke loose and leaped after the body of her playmate. Ben strained at his strap and howled so frantically that he had to be dragged below.

When last seen the faithful collie was swimming in circles over the spot where little Mary's body had sunk.—New York correspondence of the Philadelphia Record.

The Choice of Paint.

Fifty years ago a well-painted house was a rare sight; and a painted house is rarer. A people know the real value of paint in house in need of paint would be "scarcer than hen's teeth." There was some reason for this. Houses were then lived in, houses were hardly worth preserving; they knew nothing about paint, except that it was pretty; and to get a house painted was to get a new coat of paint. The difference between their case and ours is that when they wanted paint it had to be made for them; whereas when it is needed now, it is made for everybody. Good store and buy it, in any color of quality ready for use. We know, or ought to know by this time, that to get a good coat of paint is not so costly, while a good coat of paint, applied in season, is the best of investments. If we put off the brief visit of the painter, we are sure to have the carpenter coming to pay us a long visit at our expense. Lumber is so constantly getting scarcer, dearer and poorer, that a painted house is a thing pliant, better and more expensive. It is a short-sighted plan to let the valuable number of our houses go to pieces.

for the use of paint. The needs paint there are two forms from which to choose. One is the old form, still favored by certain unprogressive painters who have not yet caught up with the times and the new; and the other the reformed paint found in every up-to-date store. The first must be mixed with oil, driers, turpentine and colors before it can be used. The second is ready to be stirred up in the can and it is ready to go on. To buy lead and oil, colors, etc., and mix them into a paint is the same as buying a horse and harness about the same as refusing to ride a trolley car because one's grandfather had to walk or ride on horseback. Prepared paints have been on the market for years and years and they are so convenient and so good that the common-sense to-day is something over six to ten million gallons a year and still growing. Unless they had been in the main market it is difficult to see how they would have been in such steady growth in their use.

Mixed paints are necessarily cheaper than paint of the hand-mixed kind, because they are made by the use of machinery from materials bought in large quantities by the manufacturer. They are necessarily better than paints mixed by hand, because they are more uniform in quality, and are less adulterated, but because there is less chance of the raw materials in them being adulterated. No painter, however careful he may be, can ever be sure that the paint he uses is not adulterated, but the large paint manufacturer does know in every case, because everything he buys goes through the chemist's hands before he accepts it. He knows the quality of the paint in the market (which are generally cheap paints). So there is poor flour, poor cloth, poor soap; but because of that we go back to the hand-mill, the hand-loom and the soap-kettle of the housewife, and get the better sense in choosing goods. We find out the reputation of the different brands of flour, cloth and soap; we take account of the standing of the dealer that we buy from, and we get the better sense with paint; if the manufacturer has a good reputation, if the dealer is responsible, if our neighbors have had satisfaction with it, that ought to be a good evidence that the paint is all right.

"Men men of many minds"
Many points of many kinds;
but we are pretty sure that differ
considerably in composition, the better
grades of them all agree pretty closely
in results. "All roads lead to Rome,"
and the paint manufacturers, starting
from different points, have all the same
object—to make the best paint possible
to sell for the least money and so cap-
ture and keep the trade.

There is scarcely any other article of
commerce so subject to-day that can
be bought with anything like the
assurance of getting your money's
worth as the established brands of pre-
pared paint. The paint you buy to-day
will not be like a certain patent med-
icine, "the same as you have always
bought," but if not, it will be because
the manufacturer has found a way of
making a better paint for less money,
and so making sure of your
next order.

P. G.

Marching on Ski.

Skiing is one of the training exercises of the French Alpine battalions, and a detachment of the battalion stationed at Courmayeur has just had a wild experience in trying to reach the summit of the Col de la Louise from Areches. The men, who started in snow and fog, frequently sank to their knees, and as they got higher, even to the breast, while all traces of any route was quite obliterated. At four o'clock the men, after six or seven hours, but at last Major Frisch was compelled to order a retreat with the object of the march unaccomplished. It was 11 at night when the party got back to Areches, fortunately without serious accident, but after many escapades.